

Die like cherry blossom
Hagakure with perfume
Deadly with make up on
But it just won't do

I have ice instead of heartburn
She has ice on her fingers
We have ice in the oven
But it just won't do

If there's no reason for your words
Then your silence ain't absurd
If there's no reason for your breathing
Then it just won't do

There is ice in my vision
There is ice always in season
I want cold air not your treason
It won't do

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